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Regular Western Story

A Fawcett Publication

ROCKY LANE

WESTERN

Featuring His Steallen BLACK JACK

MM.
10¢
No. 3

IN THIS ISSUE
**THE TROUBLE
TRAIL!**

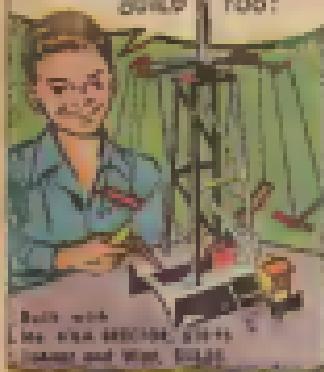


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60¢ *Rocky Lane*, Proprietary



Rocky Lane undercover
marshals finds himself
accused of robbery, and all
because he's a hero in the
eyes of a young boy!

But behind Rocky's fearless
front the truth is faced and
the youngster learns that
even the most well-intended

law breaks down—

TROUBLE TRAIL!

ONE DAY, ROCKY ARRIVED FOR A VISIT AT THE
RANCH OF SOME OLD FRIENDS—

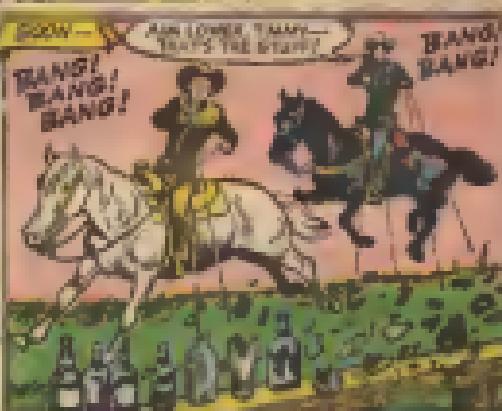
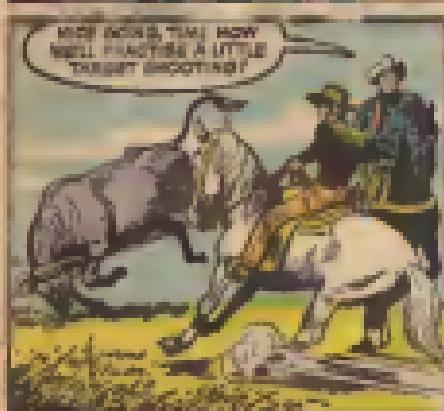
IT'S MIGHTY FINE TO THAT GOES FOR US, TOO, ROCKY!
SEE YOU AGAIN. HERE COMES TINAH! HE PUSHER
HEA, HEAT LOAD WITH JOY WHERE
HE SAID YOU WERE COMING
TO VISIT!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN, Jan., 1951, Vol. 4, No. 20, a monthly monthly by Famous Publications, Inc. Famous Photo Comix, Inc. Owned and
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OF COURSE, THAT SADDLE YOUR PONY
RIGHT AFTER LUNCH! I WANT
TO VISIT WITH YOUR
DAD FIRST!







BUT AS SOON AS THEY
GET THIS ROOM COMFORTABLE
WE'LL GET IT CLEANED UP.



AND AT THAT MOMENT —

YOU SAY YOU HEARD MY SHOT,
MISTER — FROM MY BULL'S
STOKE? WELL, WHAT'S UP
ABOUT THAT RIGHT NOW?

BARDY
WEIRD 'EM,
SHERIFF!
I FIGURE
IT BETTER
LET YOU
PROTECT!

SEE — I THE
SHERIFF!
ROCKY IN
TROUBLE!

THE SHERIFF'S TALKING TO ME,
BUT I DON'T HEAR THEM
THROUGH THE GLASS!
ROCKY'S IN LOTS
OF TROUBLE!

THREE, A YOUNG BOY,
LONELY AND ADVENTUROUS,
HAS BEEN EXPON A PREDATOR
TODAY...

WHATSOEVER ROCKY DID, HE
WANTED HIS A GOOD SONSON!
THE BOY TO HELP HIM, PROD
MY FRIEND — MY PARTNER!

I KNOW WHAT THE BOY THE TELL
THE SHERIFF IT WAS SELF-DEFENSE!
STILL TELL HIM I SAY THAT SICK
KIDNEP ATTACK ROCKY!

YES — THAT'LL
CLEAR HIM!

SHERIFF — WAIT!
I SAW IT ALL!
ROCKY LARKE'S
NOT TO BLAME;
HE COULDN'T HELP
IT — HONESTLY HE
COULDN'T!

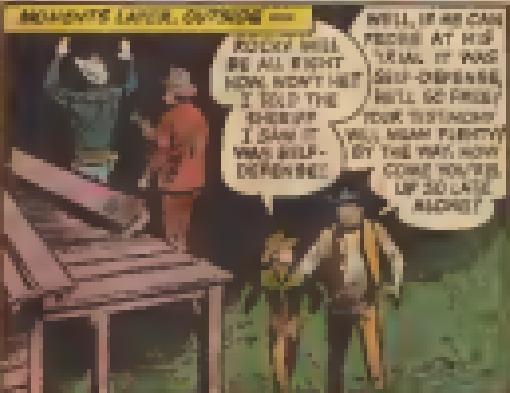
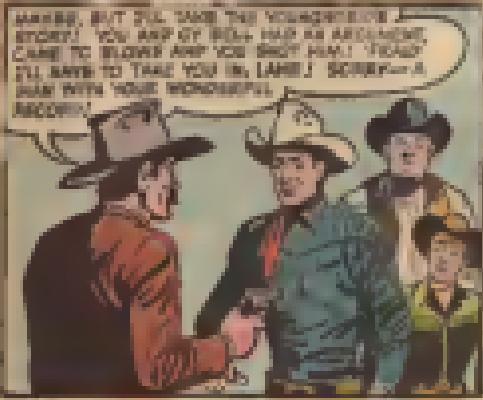
WHAT?

THAT?

ROCKY LANE —
THAT? — WHAT ARE
YOU DOING HERE?
WHAT ARE YOU
SAYING?

WHAT? — LET THE
BOY TALK.
LANE!







THANNY?
NO, IT WONT
BE, UNLESS YOU
DO AS I WANT YOU
TO. TELL THE SHERIFF
THE TRUTH, BABY! YOUR
GIRL HAS MADE THINGS
WORSE FOR ME! I WANT
TELLING THE SHERIFF
THE TRUTH!



THE SHERIFF ALL
RIGHT, BUT I'M
COMING!

SHERIFF, I'VE GOT TO TALK TO
RONI. I LIED LAST NIGHT!
I DIDN'T SEE ROCKY
ARGUE WITH THE STORE-
KEEPER!
THEY WERE BANDITS!
ROCKY TRAP YOU THE TRUE
STORY!

CHARLES
YOUNG TELL EM,
DON'T GUESS LANE
TOLD YOU WHAT HE
WANTED YOU TO SAY?
RONI'S GOT TO LIE HIM,
DON'T YOU?

BUT YOU AIN'T
BELIEVE APE,
SHERRIFF?
ROCKY DON'T
FIGHT WITH
THE STORE-
KEEPER!
I MADE THAT
UP ABOUT
BRINGIN' IT!

ROBERT JACK,
LAWMAN YOUR PAL?
YOU CAN'T GET
BEAMED FOR
TRYIN'!

DESPERADO, JIMMY TRIES
TO AVOID ONE LIE SAYIN'
OUT ANOTHER...

I'VE GOT TO
HIDE HIM BECAUSE
HE'S HARMLESS. IF I TELL
HEM I SAW THE BANDITS,
HELL BLOWN UP ME!

I'M TELLING THE
TRUTH THIS TIME
SHERIFF! I DON'T
LIE ANYMORE!

WHAT APES THEY, IF YOU
CAN TELL, SORRY?
GIVE ME A
DESCRIPTION
OF THEM!

L-E-E-L, I DON'T KNOW
WHO THEY WERE! BUT
IT'S RECOGNIZABLE THEM
IF I SAW THEM
AGAIN! I'D KNOW
THEIR ANTHROPE!

YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER!
TAN, SORRY! HOW GO ON HOME
AND STAY AWAY FROM ROCKY
LAW UNTIL
THIS TRAIL IS
COTTED UP!

I'VE GOT TO
HIDE HIM
BELIEVE APE?
I'LL TELL EVERY-
ONE I SAW THE
BANDITS, THAT I'D
RECOGNIZE THEM!
IF I CAN GET COTTED
TO TELLING, AND, THAT
SHOULD BE A
GOOD IDEA!



TIMMY TRIES TO SPREAD HIS LATEST FALSEHOOD!

AND... I HEARD THAT! TIMMY'S PLANNING WITH
YOUNGSTERS AGAIN ALL
OVER TOWN TELLING
THAT LATEST STORY
ABOUT HAVING BEEN
THE BANDITS!

STORY ITLL GET BACK TO
THE BANDITS AND THEY'L
BELIEVE IT RIGHT FRONT!



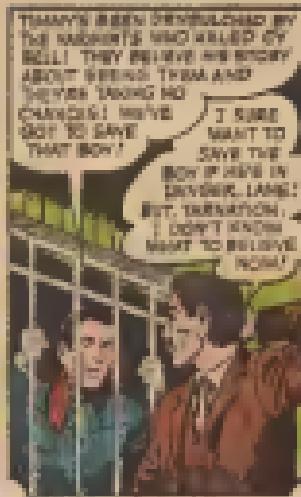
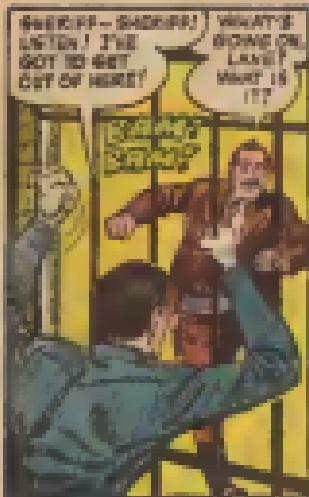
THAT AIN'T...

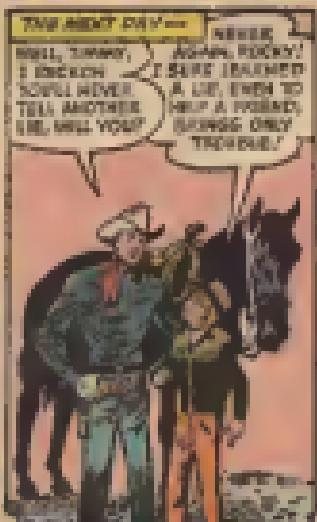
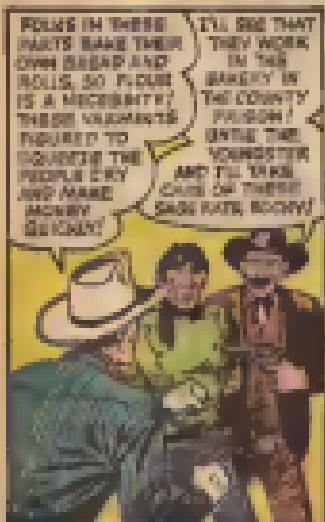
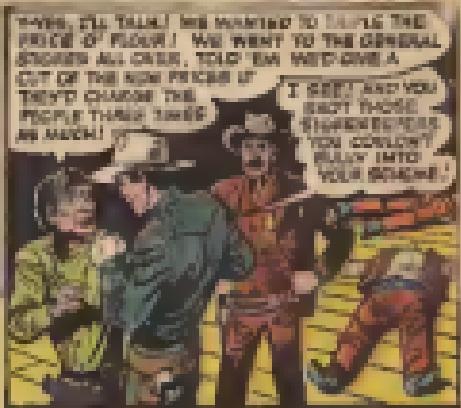
WHAT, HYPEEE,
TIMMY'S MARCHIN'
THAT KIDS A
HEAP OF TROUBLE!
HOW BRAVE
HE UP TO?

IT'S HAPPIEST
THEY'RE SITTIN'
IN THE JAIL!



ROOKY LANE WESTERN





DEE DICKENS

IN
THE BIG BATTLE



WHO YEAH? WELL, I'LL NAME
THE PEOPLE WHOM I HIT
ANOTHER TIME.
REMEMBER IT?

THE TROUBLE WAS
THAT WHEN THE
COWBOY CHAMP HIT
PELLE, HE WAS TERRIBLY
RELIEVING HIM
ANYTHING!



WELL, I REASONED IT OUT
AND FOUND IT OUT. THE
COWBOY SAID I WASN'T
WELL.

WHO,
WHAT THE
COWBOY
WIT?



YOU GOT THE
"CLOTHES"!
BUT WHERE?

"CLOTHES"!
BUT WHERE?
WHERE?



YOU GOT A BEAT ON MY
HORSES AND MY HORSES
CAME IN SWIFT PANTS.

WHAT
LAUGH
THAT?



I GOT A COLOR
IN MY HEAD!
WELL, I DON'T
WANT TO HARM
THEY TO BREAK
IT UP, BEFORE
THE NIGHT?

HE DIDN'T BUT I DON'T
LIE. HIS HEAD
BREAKED UP A COLOR
IN THE HEAD!

HE USED A
HAMMER.
THAT WAS
STRANGE
BUT THE
HORSES WERE
ALREADY ON
THE GROUND.



I REALIZED THAT, AND SINCE I HAD NO TIME TO DO OUT IN THE SUN, I PAINTED A PICTURE OF THE SUN ON MY CEILING IN THE BEDROOM!

WHAT GOOD YOU THAT?



YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE BODGER. I HAD WHEN I HAD ONE FIGHT TWO KANSAS, UPON PUNCH DRUNK!

I THREW THEM OUT, AND ONE FIGHT TWO KANSAS, UPON PUNCH DRUNK!



I WENT TO PUNCH THEM DOWN BUT IT'S WHAT FROM? NOT PUNCH PRACTICALLY!



EACH TIME I HAVE AN ARGUMENT WITH MY BROTHER HE TAKES ONE OF MY BOTTLES AND THROWS IT OUT THE WINDOW!

WHY SHOULD THAT MAKE HIM BLINDNESS?



HE LEAVES ME IN THE BUTT! YOUR BROTHER SOUNDS LIKE A PECULIAR FINGERBACH!



ON WITH THE REAL GENTLEMAN! HE ALREADY THREW THE SPOON OUT OF HIS CUP BEFORE HE THREW IT AT ME!

WELL, ALL THIS MEANING YOU GET OUT OF YOUR LIPS, I PARTED YOU OUGHT TO TAKE SOME PAPERSONS...



THAT'S WHAT THE DOCTOR TOLD ME. HE SAID TO TAKE TWO BAGGINGS AND TO FOLLOW WITH A HOT BATH!

WHAT DID YOU DO IT?





HEY GANG!

LET'S BUILD THESE
ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED
MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
FULL SIZE PLANS!

BUICK CONVERSIBLE

Here's a great chance to make this awesome '51 Buick Sedan model complete with simple sheet metal and wood. There's a lot of time available when you build the Buicklight. Estimated time for the full size plans from model to a finished conversion is six months. And when that day comes you can drive as fast as before that same 15 years ago from a model you can make. The complete model, plans and only \$10 extra, postage included through the P.M.



CHEVROLET

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HOW TO ORDER

Send \$10.00 for complete full size plans. Add \$1.00 for postage and handling. Add \$1.00 for each plan to cover shipping and handling.

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane in GYPSY NIGHTS



BIGGIE, BIGGIE!
A RECKLESS FARRIER!
WELL, SIR, I'LL HOLT
FOR THAT FRAUDOU!

BANG!



WHAT'S THE
IDEA, HUN,
BROOKLYN?

I DON'T SEE HOW
WE'RE INVOLVED.
THAT DON'T HAVE
MUCH TO RELEVE
ANYTHING TO DO.

KNOW YOU'RE A FRIEND
OF RECKLESS. THAT'S TAKEN
YOU TO KEEP OUT OF
OUR BUSINESS.

INJUSTICE IS MY BUSINESS,
PARTNER! ROCKY LANE'S
THE NAME, AND SINCE YOU
WANT TO PLAY ROULETTE,
HERE'S THE CARD!



ROCKY LANE, I TOLD YOU, LEAVE YOU DON'T WANT TO SHOOT A UNITED STATES MARSHAL!

NOT YET, PARTNER. HOW ABOUT DRINKING ON HERE?



YEAH, I TALKED TO YOU AND COUNTED TWENTY OUTLAWES OF THEM. THEY WERE LEFT BEHIND BY A TRAVELLING GOURMET THAT OVERHELD THEM SINCE THEY'VE BEEN STARVING AND HAD NO PROVISIONS FROM THE THIEVES A WHOLE COMMUNITY! LUCK WE DO NOT FEEL AND RUST!



AS YOU MENTIONED, I BUT THESE OUTLAWS MUST BE STOPPED. EVERYONE KNOWS OUTLAWES ARE THIEVES. THEY BROUGHT ON THIS DISASTER HERE...

OH, HEY, ABOUT THEM, SCARPE. ILL TELL YOU, WE CAMPED OUT ON THE CAMP AND HAD A LOOK AROUND!



I'M SEE THORPE—THORPE REAL ESTATE COMPANY. I'D LIKE TO PARCON MYSELF, WHICH IS A LITTLE HOTHEADED, WITH ALL THIS IT'S ANXIETY AT HOME. MYSELF AND THE FOOLS GOT OUT ON HANG WHEN WE HAD BEEN THROWN DOWN.

OUT HERE IN THE WEST?



MAN, YOU! THAT RED BANDANA OF YOURS TRAPPED YOU UP! LAST NIGHT I HEARD THE OUTLAWS PARADING BY THE TOWN AND FLIGHT OF FOURS SAY THIS WOULD BE THE END OF THEM AS THEY HAVE BEEN.

RIGHT, MARSHAL. DON'T FORGET OUR HONOR. CHARLEY'S STORE HE TALKED THIS ONE WITH HE HAD THE HERKIE TO COME TO TOWN TODAY!



AND INSTEAD OF TURNING HIM OVER TO THE SHERIFF FOR A TRIAL, YOU WERE MURKING OUT YOUR OWN BRAND OF JUSTICE! WELL, I'M TALKING. THIS LADY TO TELL YOU CAN PRETEND FREEDOM OF YOUR ACCORD. TRIAL AT A TRIAL IN A FEW DAYS.

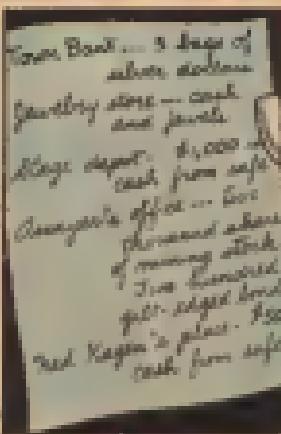


ATER THAT DAY, AT THE CAMP OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

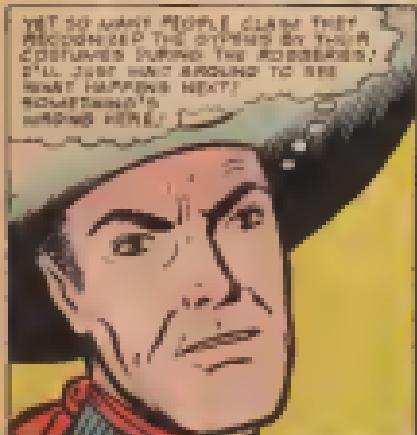
BUT WE ARE NOT TO BLAME FOR ALL THESE OUTLAWS. ON OUR HORSES WE WERE FREE.

BELIEVE US, YOU ARE A FAIR LAWMAN. WE HEARD HOW YOU RESCUED OUR BROTHER, TORRE, FROM THE HOLES.



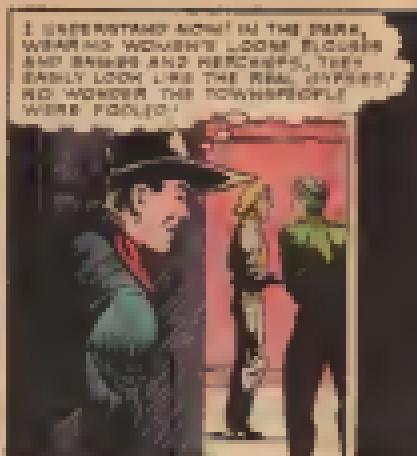


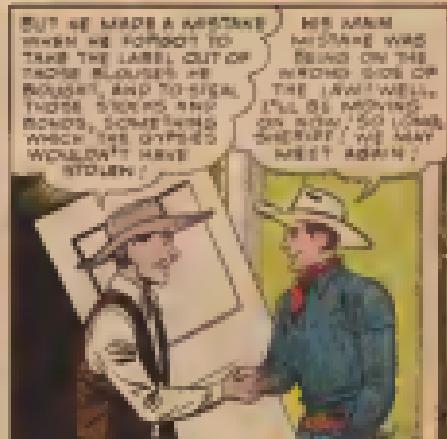
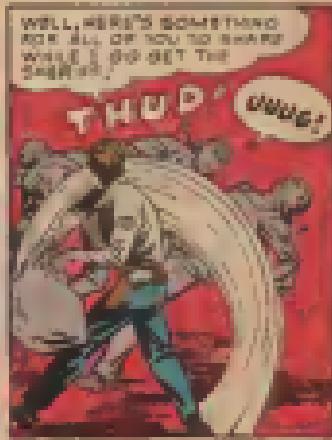
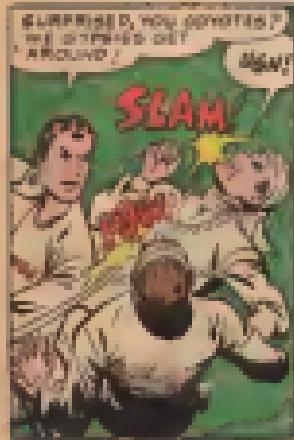
IF THE GEMMERS ARE BEING THIS, I CAN UNDERSTAND THEM STEALING ALL EXCEPT ONE ITEM OR TWO JUST... THOSE THIEVES AND BONERS! OFFICERS ARE NORMALLY PEOPLE, CARRIED FOR WANDERING! THEY'D NEITHER WANT NOT HAVE USE FOR STOCKS AND BONERS!











HER NAME
WICHITA WAS
BEING ON THE
WRONG SIDE OF
THE LAW. WELL,
I'LL BE FIGHTING
ON YOUR SIDE
TODAY! SO
SWEET! (THE LAST
WORD BORN!)

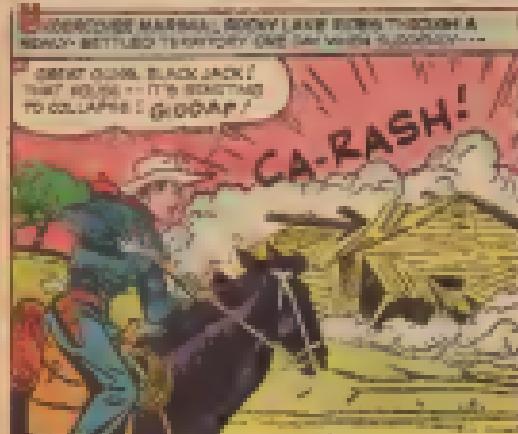
REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

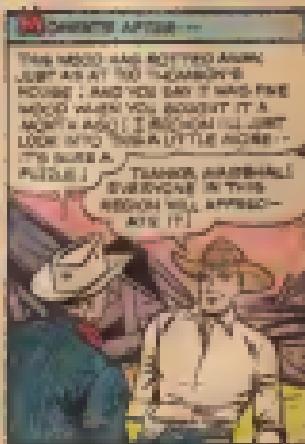
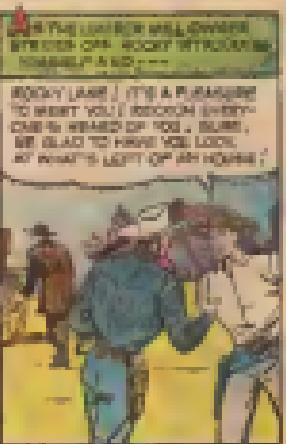
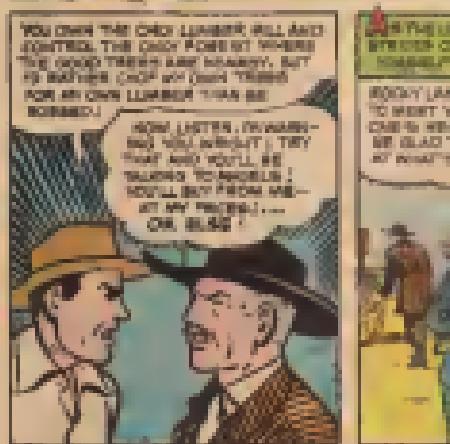
in **THE LAST PLANK**



When a small town suddenly collapses, Lane decides to look into the strange puzzle and finds the answers where death lies
---- THE LAST PLANK.







www.rockwood.com

ALKED INTO THE HEDGES WHERE THE
WICH AND THE FENWICH THE LUR-
BEE FOR THESE WILDFISH. THE
FENWICH I REMAINED COULD LOOK AS
IF THESE WERE AT THEM, BUT I
COULD NOT SEE THEM. IF THE TIDES IN
THE HEDGES WERE DOWN OR OF
BOTTOM, HADN'T IT BEEN
SIN SIN TIDE.



BUT I LIED TO YOU
BEFORE LOOKING BACK
THE HOODIE IS MY SIGN OF
TEEN-AGE AND HOPE
COME ON DOWN AND SEE IT!



What is the problem?

WE LOOKED
FOR TREES NOW AND
ALL SEEM IN pretty HEALTHY
THERE IS nothing I CAN SEE
EXCEPT THE ORDINARY
BIRDS OF THE
WOODS.



How to use this book

4. **SHOTT, E. QUINE**
1890-1977 **Architect** (1944),
THE A. LEON FREDRICK



BANG

www.earth.com

Большой



REFERENCES

THE LAW OF THE LAND

www.miguelthomas.com



"I DON'T WANT TO HAVE
LIPSTICK ON MY PAL.
DANNY!"



لهم



"THERE'S DIFFERENT KINDS OF
CARS MADE IN THIS AGE. THERE'S
LUGGAGE -- MADE BY A WOOD-PLATE
-- THE GROWLED AT LUGGAGE
WANTS TO SMASH THE LUMBER.
AFTER THE GROWL, THERE ARE GONE TO
BEAT THE LUMBER OUT OF THEM
AND MAKE OF THEM PARTS OF A WOODEN MILL."



"BUT I'LL GROWL TO NIGHT TO
THE DOCTOR; THEN I'LL GROWL
THROUGH LUMBER MILL. IT IS
A 40,000 TON OF GOOD WOOD
SHAPED OUT OF FALLEN FOREST
THAT IS CUTTING. HE WON'T
HURT ANY LUMBER TET TO BE
USED IN PLATES."



"CARTER LANE TAKES LUMBER MILL --
NO YOU TOOK
CARE OF 400,
MURKAT SHO
WOODS!"



"AND WE'RE THIN' MILL --"

"WELL, HOP ALONG, THERE'S
THE LUMBER WE CUT TODAY;
NAME SURE YOU KNOW. EVER
PREPARE A FEW QUARTERS
PREPARATION!"

"FIGHT BOMB."



"THEM SUGGEST --"

"I REASON I'M GOING TO
INTERFERE TWO BOMBON
THAT AGAIN; I HEARD
IT COULD FROM MORN I'LL
LEAVE THIS DETHLUS
LATER!"

CRASH



"YOU CAN'T GET ME
TO LUMBER YOU WILL
TO LEAVE TWO
WITNESS!"

"OHO!"

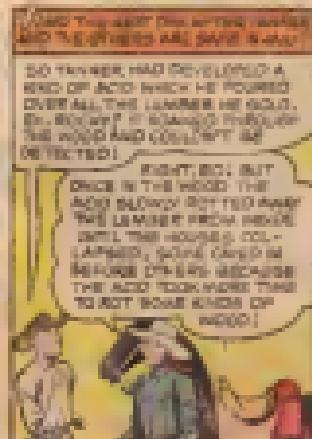
WHAM!



"GET ME; WE CAN'T
BATTLE THE THREE
OF US AT ONCE!"

"I CAN TRY!"





Gopher Face

PHARMACEUTICALS



MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE
ON THE EDUCATION OF THE
CHILDREN OF THE
ARMED FORCES, AND ASSIST
THEIR PARENTS IN
THEIR WORK.
THE COMMITTEE
WILL MEET
ON MONDAY
AT 7:30 P.M.
IN ROOM
100, LIBRARY
OF CONGRESS,
WASHINGTON,
D. C.

Books of the Month

4700. The first hydrograph is shown above, and the second in the figure below.

I find the various groups of people and
sects here of the following and are not
different except the name or character
is now different. Many of the former
sects are passing the day here. Many
of the former sects are passing the day here.

1990-1991

• **Human**

POSITIONS FOR SALE.
WANTED.—

卷之三

卷之三

ROPPING 'N RIDING
With4224 NORTH RADFORD AVE.
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Handy, Pards,

THE OTHER MORNING I WRE OUT IN THE BACK CORRAL, CARRYING BLACK JACK, WHEN I HEARD THE MAILMAN'S HORSE ROLLING UP THE TRAIL TOWARD MY PLACE AND I DROPPED THE BRUSH AND RAN OUT TO MEET HIM. HE HAD A BAG FULL OF LETTERS FOR ME, AND I TOTED THEM BOTH TO THE CORRAL AND PICKED UP THE CATTLE-BUCK AND GOT BACK TO THE CORRAL AT HAND, FEELING MIGHTY GOOD AND PLEASED ITCHING TO GET THE CORRALING OVER WITH AND START READING ALL THOSE LETTERS FROM TOO FARAWAY OF GUYS.

NOW BLACK JACK LIVED PRETTY FARAWAY SUREBUT HE WOULD BE WITH HIS COWBOYS IN THE MORNING AND IT SEEMS HE WASN'T BUTTING IT. MY MIND WASN'T ON WHAT I WAS DOING, I RECKON IT WAS ON THOSE LETTERS I WAS CHASING AT THE END TO READ. WHAT ONE BLACK JACK DID? HE JUST TURNED HIS HEAD AND GAVE ME A DONG LOOK AND THEN THREW HIS WEIGHT AGAINST THE BUCKLE. I TOOK THE MIST FRONT AND COULDN'T HELP BUTTING OUT IN A GRAB AS I PUT MY HAND BACK ON WHAT I WAS DOING AND WHILE I WAS CURRYING BLACK JACK DOWN WITH THE LONG, POWERFUL STRIKES ME LINES, I GOT TO THINKING ABOUT HOW PLUMS FULL OF HOSE CURSE BLACK JACK IS AND HOW A HEAP OF FOOLS COULD PROFIT BY TAKING A PAGE OUT OF HIS BOOK.

WERE SOME THINGS DON'T GO JUST THE WAY THEY SHOULD TO SHIT A LOT OF BS, SOME FOLKS GET BASH AND GRUMBLE ABOUT THE BREAKS AND SUCH BEING DEAD AGAINST THEM. BLACK JACK DON'T PAY ANY MIND TO SUCH FOOLISH NOTIONS. NO, SIR! NOT BLACK JACK. HE BELIEVES IN DOING SOMETHING ABOUT IT - PRIGHT! AND THAT, PARDS, IS WHAT COUNTS. SO JUST REMEMBER THAT, PARDS, WHEN THINGS AREN'T GOING JUST THE WAY THEY SHOULD, BUCKY! I JUST REMEMBERED IT'S TIME TO CURRY BLACK JACK AGAIN AND THIS TIME HE'S GOING TO GET A CURRYING.

SO LONG FOR NOW, PARDS, AND TELL OUR THAIS ACROSS HERE AGAIN NEXT MONTH, BE GOOD TO ONE ANOTHER.

YOUR PARDS,



THERE'S A

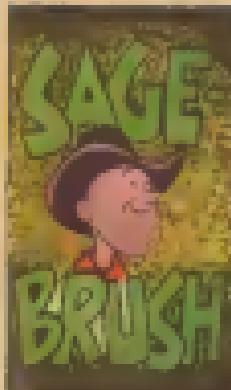
Surprise

NOVELTY

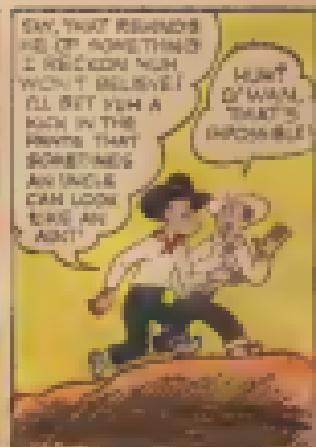
IN EVERY BOX

IT'S FUN TO
COLLECT
CRACKER JACK
NOVELTIES

THE MORE YOU EAT... THE MORE YOU WANT



"CRIES YAH!"



IF YUH WAS STANDING AT THE TOP OF A VERY HIGH MOUNTAIN LIKE THIS AND YUH LOOKED DOWN AT YORE UNCLE, WHO WAS STANDING ALL THE WAY DOWN AT THE BOTTOM --



— YORE UNCLE WOULD BE SO FAR DOWN, HE'D LOOK LIKE AN ANT!
HA HA, I WIN THE BET!



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A COMIC MAGAZINE!
DIRECTLY FROM TELEVISION!

**CAPTAIN
VIDEO**

UP SOON TO APPEAR ON NEWSPAPERS ACROSS THE NATION!





FINGER MAN

By John Martin

MATT SLOANE nudged his partner, Cass Hardin. Cass spurred his horse forward as Matt pointed.

"Down there?" he asked in his harsh, grating voice, riding the town that lay sleeping in the cold, clear light of western stars. "Don't look him much," he concluded.

Sloane grunted. "There's at least twenty thousand in cash in old Jed Dodge's safe."

"You figuring to blow that barnful?" Cass Hardin was doubtful.

Matt spurred his horse down the slope toward the village apparently. "We'll make Dodge open it for us."

Cass looked at his partner with admiration as they careered noiselessly down into the little Nevada valley town.

"You know, Matt. I've got to hand it to you. You're a clever hombre."

Matt glanced at his companion, a strange glint of deadly purpose gleaming behind his eyes. "Stick with me, Cass, and you'll wind up a rich man!"

Cass chuckled. "I'm sticking, Matt. I'm sticking."

They eyed the twinkling lights of the village like silvers.

"We'll skin the bear later," Matt remarked, rubbing his fingers against Cass's. The two mounts passed quietly behind the saloons. As they passed, many voices soared out a chorus of *As I Walked Out in the Streets of La-rosa*. They knew the tiny sound of a banjoless piano.

The horses jogged on, their hoofs clapping almost noiselessly on the fine powder of the dirt street.

"Hey, Matt." Cass began curiously.

"Yes?"

"How'd you ever hear of this-old Jed Dodge? Ever see him?"

"Can't say I have," Matt replied. "A pal in Dodge City gave me a tip on Jed. He was heading north last with a pile of greenbacks and didn't have the time. That's why I called you in on the job."

Cass smiled, pleased. He was a small-time operator and to be picked as a partner by the well-known Matt Sloane was a compliment not to be answered at.

"There is it," Matt said suddenly, as they came in sight of a house at a street intersection.

At the house they dismounted, tethered their mounts and slid quietly into the alley between the house and a big stable. Matt led the way. They came to a rear door. It was

locked, but Matt was well-prepared for such emergencies. He took a small strip of steel from his pocket and inserted it between the door panel and the panel hinge.

Matt grunted with the effort. He leaped down on the strip of steel and suddenly there was a muffled cracking sound. Matt stepped back automatically.

"Push it in," he remarked laconically.

Cass had a hand on the door, preparing to resistance. The door slid open noiselessly.

Men took one look and sprang inside. At the end of the passage stood an old man dressed in a nightshirt and sleeping cap. A gun appeared in Matt's hand magically, leveled at the old, spare figure in white.

"Okay, Pop," Matt said quietly. "It's a stickup! Don't try any tricks!"

The old man, startled at first, smiled querulously. "I heard the horses barking on this hogleg," he said. "I don't aim to buy a one-way ticket to Boot Hill just yet."

"That's sensible, Pop," Matt rejoined. "You know where your safe is—take the lead, Pop."

The old man hesitated for just an instant. Then, gravely, he moved into a room off the corridor.

"Your other, eh?" asked Matt, following with Cass Hardin.

"That's the place to usually keep a safe," Jed said. "You going to blow her?"

"Come on, Pop, get some sense!" Matt snarled. "We're not going to open it. You see?"

Jed Dodge shrugged his shoulders helplessly. He moved forward, bumping into Cass Hardin, who jerked back, startled.

"What's the matter, Pop?" demanded Hardin, his harsh voice ringing through the silence.

"Nothing, nothing. You just get in my way, that's all."

"Open that safe, Pop!" growled Cass.

For answer, Jed Dodge bent down before the big safe and, lifting its top lidly, his gaunt old hand closed smoothly over the dial and it began to open.

Matt and Cass watched the old man.

"Hurry up!" Cass ordered, feeling a strange tension grip his skin.

"I'm getting there," Jed replied.

The door fell open. Shoving the old man aside, Matt Sloane and Cass Hardin snatched the contents. They counted the cash quickly.

"Twenty-five thousand!" Matt remarked. Then he banged the safe shut, snarling the cash

in his position.

"Let's teach him off," Cass suggested, pointing the cylinder of his gun.

"I never murdered a man yet," Matt Stoen said dryly. "And I'm not aching to now. Tie him up in that chair."

"Thanks," said Jud Cadge quietly.

Cass found a length of rope in the kitchen. Together, he and Matt Stoen secured the old man to a small cooking chair. When they had finished they stepped back.

"Be long, Pop," Matt said.

"Yeah, safe it easy," responded Cass.

"Enjoy yourselves," Jud said. He chuckled. Cass glanced at Matt meaningfully.

"You're making a bad mistake," he said. "My advice is to plug him."

"You got any objections, Cass?" Matt asked affably. "Or am I still the boss?"

"You're the boss," Cass said coolly.

They went out, closing doors behind them. Under the cold, clear moonlight, they mounted their horses and rode back the way the census. Cass waited until they had passed the census. Then he began to feel safer, and he also began to think. He had begun his association with Matt Stoen with enormous respect, born largely of Matt's reputation. But what he had seen clearly indicated Matt had lost his touch. Leaving a man alive who had laid eyes on both of them was fatal. Involuntarily his hand stole toward the between-six-guns and he smiled.

About a mile out of the village, Matt Stoen relaxed his horse southward. He rode on for a few paces, then noticed that Cass Hardin wasn't following.

"This is the trail, Cass," he began. Cass had already drawn. He fired twice with a steady, determined hand. Matt pitched out of his saddle and hit the ground with a soft thud—dead.

Cass waited no time. He rolled Matt's gun into the brush, locked his cayuse down the thickly wooded trail and emptied Matt's pockets of the rest. Leaving the body buried under a pile of brush where it wouldn't be found for at least several days, Cass rode back to the village.

The census was still wide open when he passed it, his horse jogging quietly down the side street Matt had shown him. Cass dismounted, thinking to approach Jud Cadge's house on foot. He used his horse at a random

post, his intention being to throttle the bound old man and then hit the north trail out of town. With Jud Cadge and Matt Stoen dead, no one would possibly know who had committed the robbery. He would be absolutely safe, because he wasn't known in the region and his arrangements with Matt Stoen being undercover and hush, of course, private between them.

Cass took one step toward Jud Cadge's house and froze solid as a figure in flapping white, the ends of robes trailing behind it, came out into the night and fired a bogling howitzer. Instantly, the singing in the silence behind him ceased and about fifty men rushed out and enveloped him in their rush toward old Jud Cadge who was stumbling down the street. Cass crossed the heartily-clad knees that had allowed the old man to escape.

Jud quickly explained the matter to the mob. Cass Stoen, caught in the crowd that surrounded Jud, was pressed close to the old man. He tried to slip quietly away, and trod heavily on a man's foot. The man restrained and Jud said, "Sorry, stranger, my Uncle Goss I didn't look where I was going!"

"Who did it, Jud?" asked one of the men. Jud, whose attention had been suddenly aroused, was banting bird-like. He swung a hand and pointed a firm finger straight at Cass Hardin.

"He did," Jud said. "That's the honest I'd recognize that voice anywhere! But there were two of them!"

CASS made one convulsive effort to escape, but he was quickly seized. The man who laid hands on him found the stolen money and then at all costs got about Matt Stoen. Cass seemed to feel that by drowning the blame on Matt Stoen he could take the curse off himself. But the sheriff who had been roused out of bed didn't take it that way.

Cass bawled. "I'd have been all right," he said. "If I hadn't come back into town to get rid of Jud. I never thought he'd get loose and see me."

"See you?" chuckled the sheriff as he clapped handcuffs on Cass. "Jud didn't see you. He just recognized your voice because his sense of hearing is mighty sharp! Jud's been alone blind for thirty years!"

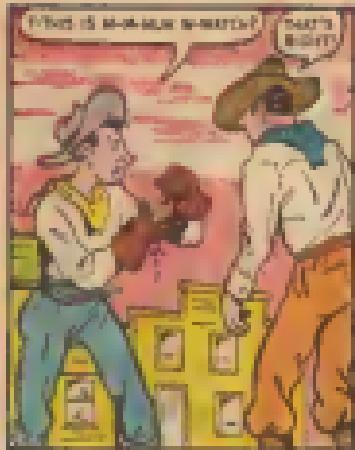
LOCKE and JOARE

Hold on, Joare! I've been waiting
to see you for a long time! Are we
a muth match?

Er, oh, don't worry,
I mean, I mean...



ROOKY LANE WESTERN





BLACK JACKS

Hitching Post

The racehorse is a thoroughbred and gets the very best of attention and care. His food is carefully prepared—good, juicy, blue-veined cheeses and plenty of fresh vegetables and fruit. Racehorses aren't picky, as you can see here, and they're trained



They go to school where they are taught to break fast and hug the rail so they'll have speed in a race. The racehorse is a special horse. He is trained to do one thing—win races!



But the mustang rocks up his vanity. Competition, he's sure, will not let him satisfy a horse's challenge on an even footing, and any two boys can ride him, and his master who keeps him, still thinks themselves best.



The mustang doesn't need special food. He finds time to take care of himself.



The mustang is no invalid. He can run all day and night—outfit cattle in a cold herd—throw a big cow by the horns and doesn't anything a colt can't do.



The mustang is an all-around horse and that is the highest compliment you can pay anyone on the range.



REPUBLIC PICTURES STAR

Rocky Lane



in

TRADERS IN DECEIT!

When iniquity-making and happiness should hold sway, but instead there is only silent anger and fear, when insults that should last can only cry, Rocky Lane finds the answer to set things right when he uncovers the . . .

TRADERS IN
DECEIT!

ROOKY LANE
ROOKY LANE RIDES THROUGH
FRIENDLY INDIAN COUNTRY
(See Color)

SOMETHING'S MISSING /
IT'S HARVEST TIME AND
THIS EARTH IS USUALLY
FILLED WITH SWEET
INDIAN PRODUCTIONS FOR
HARVEST AND CELEBRAT-
ION . . .

BUT I'VE MET NO ONE,
FOUNDED ONLY A STRAWBALE,
CANTOUR BALANCE; THE
CRAVATTA HAD A HOLE
CAUSE HEAVILY, SOON I
SOON I'LL
RAY A VISIT
THEIR . . .



BUT SURELY . . .

WHAT . . . ?!

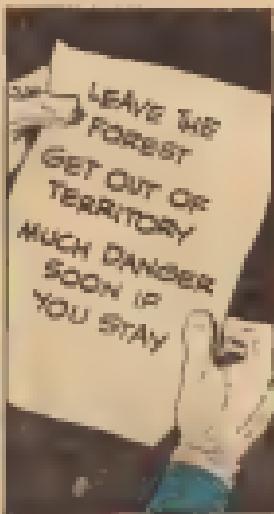
"I . . . I . . . I . . ."



AN ARROW---AND
THERE'S A ROTTED
ATTACHED. LET'S
HAVE A LOOK AT IT.
BLACK JACK!



LEAVE THE
FOREST
GET OUT OF
TERRITORY
MUCH DANGER
SOON IF
YOU STAY

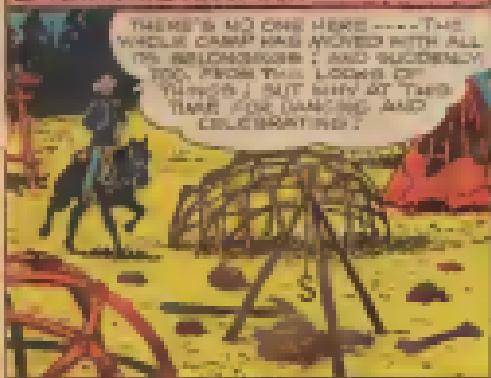


HOW I KNOW SOMETHING'S
WRONG---LET'S GO, BLACK
JACK. THE INDIANS ARE FIGHTING
THE CROWFOOT LANE
CAMP. THE SYSTEM
MAKES THEM DO
SUCH THINGS!



LATER AT THE INDIAN CAMP

THERE'S NO ONE HERE----THE
WHOLE CAMP HAS MOVED WITH ALL
THE INDIANS; AND ACCIDENTLY
TOOK FIVE THOUSAND
HORSES, BUT SINCE THAT
TIME, NO HORSES AND
LITTLE SHADOWS.



JUST THEN, ROCKY HEARS A SHADOW MOVE
IN THE GATHERING DARKNESS.

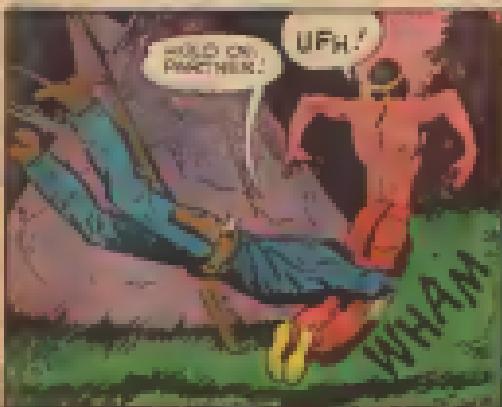
I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT;
IT ISN'T A SHADOW OF
ANYONE THAT I KNOW.
I CAN SEE HIS SHADOW
MOVING; IT'S PROBABLY
WHO IT IS.



WELL ON
PANTHER.

UH!

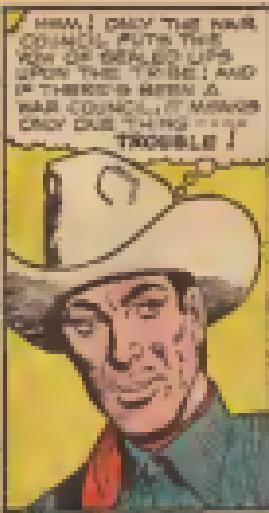
WHAM



HEY---I'D DO YOU
THREE OLD INDIANS OF
THE CROWFOOT CAMP;
YOU KNOW WHO I AM;
I HAVE WRITTEN YOUR
PEOPLE; I WANT TO
HARVEST THEM;
I SPEAK.

YES----YOU
ROCKY LANE;
I SHOOT
ASUCH BE-
GONE----TO
TEACH YOU;
I CANNOT
TELL MORE!





...after park, rocky reaches the
area. Three Headquarters and

LONG HAVE I BEEN A FRIEND,
ONE I'LL SHOW I AM, ONCE
TO MAKE WITH YOUNG PEOPLE
BROTHERS HERE, SOY THE ONE
TO NAME IN THE RACE INSTEAD
OF FIGHTS AND HURDLES.

YES, YOU
PREDICT, BUCKY
LAW, THAT'S
AS THOUGH,
BUT THAT IS
A BUNCH
OF STUPID
LITTLE
BIRDS.

PRO LITERATUR HILFT - - - - -
PRO GEDULD HILFT

I KNOW THAT
YOU WILL BE SO
DAMNED TROUBLE
STARTS. WHICH
IS MAGNETIC
WINDS, WHICH
SUFFERS - BUT
IF YOU DON'T
TALK, I MAY
DO WELL FOR
ON - PARASITIC
RED SAVI



AND SO ON TO FIND OUT WHAT'S
UP. I'LL GO VISIT THE MACHINERY
TEAMS; THEY LIVE NEAR HERE.
MACHINES, THEY'LL SAY,
SOMETHING OF THIS!



A colorful illustration of a cowboy on a horse and a gator. The cowboy is wearing a hat and vest, holding a rifle. The gator is wearing a cowboy hat and vest, holding a rifle. They are in a desert landscape with a cactus. A speech bubble from the cowboy says, "YOU NEED, RANGER OF THE DESERTLANDS? CAN I HELP YOU?" and a speech bubble from the gator says, "(SQUEE) -- NO -- NO -- (SQUEE)".



ROGGY HAS GONE BUT A SHORT DISTANCE INTO THE WOODS. HYEN...



I AM CALLED LITTLE STAR, AND I WAS TO MARRY A FIRE. YOUNG FIRE, SOON, A GREAT LOVE TO ME. BUT NOW THREE WILL...

IT WAS... I UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU SAY, LITTLE STAR. I WAS ALWAYS LEAVES HEART. BUT, I FEAR FOR MY BRAVE. THIS MAN AGAINST THE SETTLERS T...

NO, AGAINST THE SETTLERS THERE! IT IS ON THE OTHER SIDE, BETWEEN THE TREES... THAT IS WHY IT HAS BEEN SO HARD TO SPEAK OF IT TO OUTSIDERS. ONLY INSETTLES CAN IT BE SETTLED. THE COUNCIL HAS BEEN HELD. MANY FIRE WERE STOLEN FROM OUR STOREHOUSE. INDIANS SPOKE IT WAS THE RACCOONS...

WE ACCUSED THEM OF THE CRIMES. THEN THEY ACCUSED US OF STEALING FIRE FROM THEM! STOREHOUSE... MANY WILL DIE BECAUSE TRADESMEN HAVE BEEN KILLED NEAR TO BOTH TOWNS...

BUT NO ONE IS SUPPORTED TO CALL THEM TO THE TOWNS. I DON'T SEE IT CAN WAIT...



BUT TRADERS HAVE BROUGHT MANY DOGS! I FEAR I... (CHUCKLE) I WILL NEVER HEAR. THE RACCOONS MEET IN BATTLE ON HIGH PLAIN AT NOON TOMORROW!

MOON, EH? GO BACK TO CAMP TELL NO ONE YOU SPOKE TO ME. I'LL TRY TO STOP THE FOOLISH WAR! BLOOD HEED NOT CALL TO BATTLE EVEN A GUARDIAN OF HONOR!



LITTLE STAR RODE OFF AND ROCKY TURNED TO POINT BLACK JACK WHEN SUDDENLY...



GOT HIM, BOSS! LUCKY WE KILLED OUR HORSES THE LAST SHIPMENT TONIGHT!

Chennai, Tamil Nadu, India 600 009

THAT WASON
--- KILLED!
DO YOU SEE THIS
SERVANTS BODIES
HE'S UP TO
THE TEETH,

WHAT! THESE ARE FOR THE
GHOSTS! WE GOT SOME
FIRE THIS MORNING, TOO;
AND YOU'RE NOT GOIN' TO
KID ME! THIS WASON'S ON
SOMETHIN' TO TELL ME;
DO YOU SEE THIS PLACE
WORN TORN DOWN?



How I feel



STREET WALKERS!
IN TAKING YOU PAY
MANY FROM HOME!
WE DON'T WANT
THE CROWD DOWN TO
HEAVEN, SHOT'S AND
STREET WALKERS
DON'T CARE.

THE GHOST, DON'T
LET ME GET THEM
HELP THEM OUT
BETTER THAN I DO IT
GO TO THE RIVER,
THERE LIVING WERE GREAT
WALLS WHICH IT WOULD
BE FOR ME TO CLIMB.



בְּנֵי עֲמָקָם וְבְנֵי עֲמָקָם וְבְנֵי עֲמָקָם

AT LAST!
THIS IS THE
LAST DOWN
WALL.



THAT VASAMENT IS
CLOSE REHIND AND
IT MIGHT WORK. WE
STEP DOWN HERE
THERE. THIS
PEASANT DON'T
CARE HELL
HOLE.



RECENTLY THE PORT OF
LONDON IS PROVIDED BY
A COMMITTEE FROM THE TRADE.



11. *Hydrogen* is a gas, and
there, hydrogen is hydrogen,
and hydrogen is hydrogen.

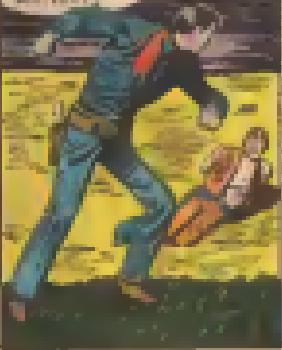


THIS WILL KNOCK SNOOK
WHO OUT OF YOU TO HOLD
YOU DOWN. I SAWED MY
WRESTLING CHAIN ON A
SHEEP SHEAR!



AND ANOTHER LATER....

HOW TO FIGHT BLACK
JACK AND TELL THEM IT'S ALL
CHERRY THE TRUTH: YOUR
FINGERS WONT BE EXPECTING
YOU TO GET AWAY
AT FIRST!

ENDLESSLY ANOTHER BOOY LAKE
TO THE BOY....

BUT GHOST RIDER SAYS
YOU'RE EASY TO BE
LIVED AND THE
VILLAGERS WONT TELL
GHOST. THEY WANT
THEIR WIFE. THEY SEE
BEHIND IT AND THEY
ALONE WILL BE THE
FINAL VICTORY.

NO, BOOY
LAKE--YOU
SHAKE UP
EVERY CHILD
BECAUSE YOU
WANT PEACE;
YOUR HEART
IS GOOD, BUT
OUR HOOD
IS AT SPARE!

WELL, SUPPORTS INN OUR ATTROC-
ITY--BUT NOW FOR YOUR
SAFETY--DO WHAT SUGGEST IS
DOING. I CAN PROMISE NO ONE
SAFETY!



I HAD TO SUCHE THEM, EITHER; I
HEARD THEM TELL THE MARSHAL
CLOUD, TO MEET THEM AT THE
CLOUD. I CAN'T BE TOO FAR
FROM HERE. I CAME ON FLIGHT
AND--WE'RE SURE MARSHAL
CLOUD IS GOING TO DO!



FRANKLY, AFTER HOURS OF BRAUCING...

AT LAST--BLACK
JACK--THIS IS THE
CLOUD. I THOUGHT HE
WASN'T!

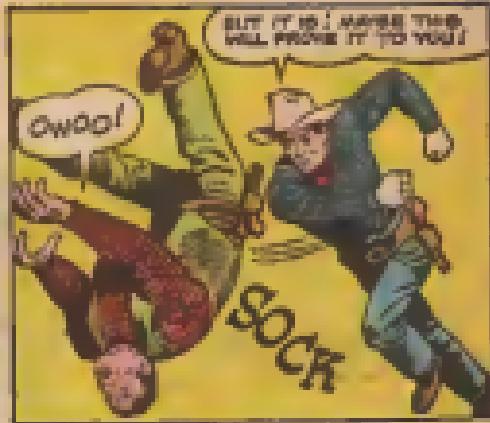


AND WHERE THE CLOUD...

IT'S ALWAYS A
SUCH CHAOS
ANYWHERE, SINCE
THEIR INDIANS
WILL BE HILL-
TOP FIGHTS
BY NOW!

WONDER WHAT IT
KILLED THEM?
HE CROUCHED
BY BLACK JACK
AS HE PLANNED;
WE CAN'T LOSE
NOW!





GET RID OF ME, A LONG RIDE RACES IN
BETWEEN THE CHASES...

STOP---STOP!
HERE ARE YOUR FRIENDS

ROCKY LANE

IT IS TRUE;
THEY ARE
ONE OF
OUR STRONG
FOLK.

AND SOME
OF THOSE
STOLEN FROM
OUR PEOPLE
TOO!

THEN FOLLOW
ME AND I'll
SHOW YOU THE
REAL THINGS I
COME!

TIME AFTER TIME, THERE
WERE BRAWLS AND SHOTS
THE FIVE FROM BOTH OF THEM
LEFT BEHIND TO WAKE THEM
DOWN EACH OTHER. THEN THEY
RODDED YOU THE GUNS FOR A WHILE;
SELLING THE GUNS BACK AGAIN
THAT'S GOLD, AND AFTER THAT
THEY BACKED THEM UP IN THE
DUST. SO, EIGHT OF YOU LEFT THAT
THEY'D HAVE THE FUN-TRAPPIED
ALL TO THEMSELVES!

IT IS TRUE
THAT DOWN
TO ME,
SAY, I'VE
GONE DOWN
ONE MORE
TO PICK UP
RESCUED BACK
DOWN BY THE
HORSES;

WE GAVE YOU
THREE GUNS
SO MUCH
TO ME,
YOU SHOOT
UP WHAT
TO PICK UP
RESCUED BACK
DOWN BY THE
HORSES;

AND LATER, AS ROCKY
LEAVES THE COUNTRY,

GOODBYE,
LITTLE STAR;
HAPPENINGS
MAY BE HARDS
NOW!



SPECIAL OFFER!

YOU...
CAN GET
'ROCKY'S'



PICTURE WITH "BLACK JACK"
AUTOGRAPHED TO YOU PERSONALLY!

SEND FOR IT TODAY!

Send this coupon and \$1.00 for one LARGEST photo
of "ROCKY" and "BLACK JACK" autographed to
you personally.

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